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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

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'Blood for the Blood God!'

In this issue: BLOODQUEST
TITAN • DARKBLADE • KAL JERICO

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BY THE EMPEROR, but my flesh doth creep at the very sight of them! They're crawling all over this issue... Ugh! Just look! Chittering... infesting... mandibles... slimy alien bodies! Emperor aid me, but I almost feel like I'm going to...

WHAT'S THAT, BANEBLADE? *Bugs, you soy? Excellent! From greot slithering crawling things, to nosty wriggly slime-sucking wormy things, I love them 'oll! Why, with oll these lovely Tyronid things, it olmost reminds me of home, back in the Choos Wostes!*

GUTSPEW, YOU demented fool! These aren't worms and beetles. This is the Tyranid scourge, the cruel alien hive mind that sweeps without mercy through space, destroying all in its path!

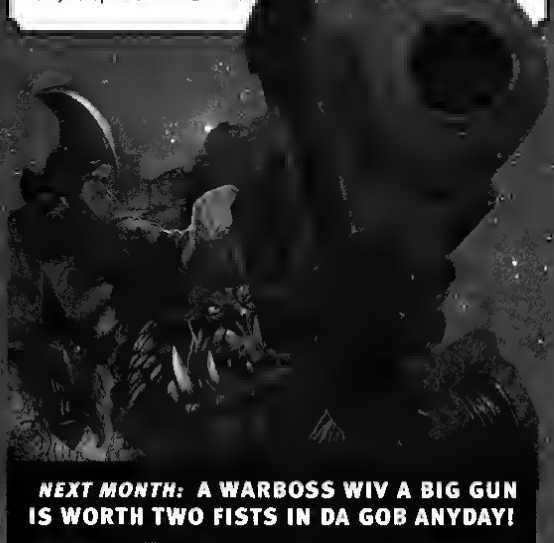
HA! NEVER MET *o bug I couldn't stomp. Watch this! Ho there, Moster 'Nid. Here boy... Nice bug... Now toke this:* STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! STOMP! ... ... *Oh.*

SEE, YOU KHORNE-LOVING idiot? Not a scratch. Now what are you going do? Any more smart ideas you want to try?

ME, ULTRAMARINE? *Me, I'm going to run owoy. You con do the Dokko Dokko thing with thot mogicol bolt coster of yours if you like, but I'm off...*

DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!

Um, Gutspew... *WAIT FOR MEEE...!!*



NEXT MONTH: **A WARBOSS WIV A BIG GUN IS WORTH TWO FISTS IN DA GOB ANYDAY!**

INSIDE THIS COMIC...

DARKBLADE

The doom of the Druchii is at hand! In this blood-soaked episode, Malus Darkblade faces the wrath of Witchlord Balneth Bale and his witchguard.

BLOODQUEST

Facing apparently insurmountable odds, Leonatos and his exiles manage to battle their way through the Blood Sea – but at what terrible cost?

KAL JERICO

In the final part of The Motherlode, Kal and Scabs have found the legendary treasure hoard. But now they face the Guardian, not to mention a raging Vandel Fegg!

TITAN: VIVAPORIUS

Hekate and the crew of Imperious Dictatio face the devastating alien swarm known as the Tyranid. But first they must defeat a warrior's greatest enemy – themselves!

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

EDITORS Marc Gascoigne & Andy Jones
PRODUCTION Marc Bevan & Ian Pickstock
COVER *Daemon Prince of Khorne* by Colin Macneil

WARHAMMER MONTHLY yuletide Issue 25, December 1999. Published by Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK
Email us *publishing@games-workshop.co.uk*
Internet *http://www.games-workshop.co.uk*
and *http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk*

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Printed in England.

PRODUCT CODE: 6056 9999 025

SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

LETTER OF THE MONTH

• Brother Baneblade, I just read WHM 19 and was pleased to see that my prayers have been answered with the release of Titan II. I can't wait to see how Hekate has changed since his days as an untested youth.

I also think that Bloodquest II is awesome. It's everything WHM should be. The artwork is beautiful and the story is much more plausible. The way Leonatos and the Exiles took down the Chaos titan was awesome and more believable than the way The Ravenwing not only killed a Gargant but also drowned an entire Ork army!

The story 'Epiphigium' was great too, but I've never heard of the Iron Snakes Chapter. Besides, they looked a bit like Chaos Marines to me! All in all, though, WHM 19 gets a whopping five Chainswords.

Oh, Brother Baneblade here's a suggestion for you: if the winds of the Warp ever threaten to blow away your stack of WHM's, you might as well use Gutspew's head. After all, it's not like he does much with it!

— Russ Bullman, USA, via email

By the Emperor, give that man a t-shirt! Well said, my battle brother, well said!

• More Beer! More Beer! Oh yes, I'm writing a letter... now let me see... Right, why are there no Squats in Warhammer Monthly? There isn't enough beer either! Though I must admit that those Dwarflords seem to have had their fill. Also, there aren't enough Imperial Guard. I know most of them can't hold their own in a beer drinking competition but there are some in the local garrison that gave a couple of my lads a run for their money, I can tell you!

'Smash 'im, smash... Sorry, I'm getting carried away with this rock-smashing contest on the vid screen. Because you know the only thing we Squats like more than beer is fighting and there's lots of that in WHM!

Anyway, that Commissar Holme on Balanos Alpha, he held those Greenskin scum at bay, though if he had had a load of my beer rations it would've kept his men warmer. Them Marines bashed those Orks but good and my mate Colonel Robbins from the Cadian XXI told me that Holmes once took out one of their so called 'Warlords' down. So I says to that: MORE BEER THAT MAN!

I've gotta go now because Bjorn Rocksmasha just cracked a rock bigger than an Ogryn's nose. So keep up the good work

— Guildmaster Edward Robbins of the League of Thor, Hampshire

• I have been an avid Games Workshop fan for ages and have an idea or two for the Black Library to possibly consider. I think that the decision to produce novels is absolutely brilliant and have thought about how the whole story began. I've thought about things like the Emperor and his ascent to the throne, the titanic battle at the gates of the Imperial Palace during the Heresy. Also, how Commissar Yarrick held the hive-city of Hades against Waaargh-Ghazgul and I think that you should produce novels based on all of these. Perhaps they could even be made into one of the best sci-fi movies ever!

— Your vigilant servant, Inquisitor Dave Galbraith, via email

• I am a fanatical Warhammer devotee and have been obsessed with this fantastic hobby ever since I bought my first Goff Ork. I just have to congratulate the Black Library on the fantastic job it has done with expanding the universe in which my favourite hobbies exist. Keep up the good work!

— Shane Clancy, via email

•Ever since I first got a copy of WHM (issue 14) I have been wondering why aren't the comics in colour? The stories are good but the drawings are hard to make out sometimes, especially in dark settings. You don't know what's what! Also, there aren't enough Ork stories, instead there are too many human stories. I also think putting tokens in the comic is a good idea because it makes more people buy the magazine than normal! Well, I know it does for me!

— John Loose, via email

Surely you are not suggesting that the Emperor's finest comic needs to bribe you to read it? Heretic! Chaos scum! Begone, or you will be eating bolt shells!

• *Activate receivers, Emergency Transmission to follow.*

Please help us, our situation is desperate! It has been several months since the release of Battlefleet Gothic but there is still no sign of a Gothic comic strip, why not? The artwork and illustrations in the rule book and in White Dwarf are superb to say the least. A series of strips following the progress of our glorious Navy would be warmly welcomed and sure to raise morale to new heights. Besides, where would you be without us to ferry you around the galaxy?

— , Fleet Admiral Darksword, Saviour to the Masses, Earth Station 1, Lichfield

• Thought I'd write again to compliment you on the quality of The Redeemer mini series. It brings a much needed quality of humour to the comic and some of Wayne Reynolds' little touches really add to it. I love the Redemptionists especially Brother Berkrak – bring him back! (Yes, I know he's dead but how cool would a plague ridden assault cannon wielding zomble Redemptionist be?). Another request for future WHM stories is 'Historical' based strips. Perhaps an epic tale of the Great Crusade ending with the battle between Horus and the Emperor. Maybe the rise and fall and subsequent rise again of Nagash in Araby? They're just a few suggestions which I hope you take on board.

— Matt Smith, via email

So you would like us to fill up this glorious toma with tales of foul Chaos filth, rank traitorous scum and decaying undead heretics? Hmmm. You know, that might just work...

Remember, those letters deemed worthy enough each issue will win a priceless Black Library t-shirt. You can send your transmissions to:

Warhammer Monthly
The Black Library
Games Workshop Ltd
Willow Rd
Lenton
Nottingham
NG7 2WS • UK

or via the trans-Warp comm-net to:

publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

DarkBlade
BOOK II
Part Eight- No Quarter
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Rev Hopgood
WHO'S FIRST?

BLOOD IS A POTENT FORCE
EASY TO SPILL
QUICK TO BOIL
HARDER TO COOL
IT IS THE DRIVING FORCE OF WARRIORS. IT MAKES THEM ACT...
AND *REACT* IT FIRES THEIR SOULS

MALUS DARKBLADE, DRUCHII DESTROYER HAS NO SOUL
IT WAS STOLEN FROM HIM BY THE DAEMON TZIARKAN
FOR MONTHS NOW, HE HAS QUESTED TO FIND THE DAEMON AND REGAIN HIS PRECIOUS SPIRIT
AND IN THAT TIME HE HAS EARNED THE BLOOD ENMITY OF THESE WARRIORS. THE WITCHGUARD OF THE BLACK ARK-SHIP NAGGOR
NOW HIS QUEST HAS FOUNDERED AND HE IS LOST HERE IN THE SENSE-CONSUMING MARSHES OF DEDREKA.
AND HERE THE WITCHGUARD HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM
ONLY NOW HE REALISES THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THESE MARSHES. ANY WHO ENTER ARE LOST FOREVER.
THE WITCHGUARD KNOW THIS AND CARE NOT. THE FIRE OF VENGEANCE HEATS THEIR BLOOD

DESPAIR FIRES DARKBLADE'S VEINS. TO HAVE COME SO FAR AND TO BE SO TRAPPED.
IT MAKES HIM EAGER TO TURN AND FACE THESE ODDS, KNOWING THERE IS ONLY THIS LEFT...
SCHOK!
...BLOOD.
YOU FOOL!
BALTHUS BALE, LORD OF THE WITCHGUARD OF NAGGOR
HE WANTS VENGEANCE AND HE WANTS WHAT MALUS STOLE FROM HIM...

... THE FABLED ORB OF MALKIN, SOWER OF FUTURES, SACRED TO THE WITCHGUARD
MALUS HOPED IT WOULD LEAD HIM TO THE DAEMON BUT, BROKEN AND CRAZED, IT HAS SHOWN NOTHING BUT DOOM AND DARKNESS
HERE, THE PRECIOUS ORB...
NO!
YOU'VE DESTROYED IT! ITS PERFECT SYMMETRY... ITS WONDERMENT HAS GONE!
USELESS THING!
I CURSE THE DAY I EVER TOOK IT FROM YOU, BALE! IT HAS SHOWN ME NOTHING BUT LIES AND DUPLICITY!
THAT, AT LEAST, IS SOMETHING I WILL CHERISH.
BLEED HIM. KILL HIM. CAST HIS BODY TO THE CARRION VERMIN.
YOUR WILL BE DONE, WITCHLORD.

SHHRIUTCHHH!
BALE?
EH?
NO!
THERE'S NO 'NO' ABOUT IT...
ONLY ME ONLY 'YES'
AAGHHH!
FWICHKKK!

SMASHH!
A BITTER VICTORY, MY LOYAL STEED..
..WE WIN, ONLY TO DIE HERE, LOST AND TRAPPED NEVER TO-
EH?
REALITY SHUDDERS..
.. NOW BROKEN OPEN, THE ORB OF MALKIN LETS GO OF THE FOUL MAGICKS PENNED INSIDE ITS CRYSTAL FORM.
AND IN ONE LAST INSANE MOMENT, MALUS DARKBLADE REALISES THE ORB'S BLACKNESS WAS A MESSAGE AFTER ALL..
DECEITFUL AS ALWAYS, IT WAS SHOWING HIM THAT THE ONLY ESCAPE FROM THE MARSHES OF DEDREKA WAS TO SHATTER THE ORB..

.. BLAST REALITY OPEN..
.. AND BE THROWN ACROSS THE REALM OF CHAOS..
... INTO A WORLD OF BLOOD
NEXT:
SCREAMING GOD CHILD.

RRAAAAGHHH!
KWCH!
THE DAEMON WORLD OF EIDOLON WHERE BLOOD ANGEL CAPTAIN LEONATOS MUST UNDERGO A SERIES OF DEADLY CHALLENGES IF HE IS TO RECLAIM THE LOST SWORD OF BELARIUS
THE LATEST OBSTACLE HE MUST OVERCOME IN HIS QUEST ... SINGLE COMBAT WITH A DAEMON PRINCE OF KHORNE!
BLOODQUEST
· EPISODE FIVE ·
SCRIPT Gordon Rennie · ART Colin MacNeil
LETTERS Fiona Stephenson
BRAKTCH
UUUGHH!
NYAHHHRRRR
YOU FIGHT BRAVELY LORD LEONATOS, BUT MY MASTER HUMBLY SUGGESTS THAT THE BATTLE IS NOW OVER...

HE THANKS YOU FOR YOUR EFFORTS, AND WISHES YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH HE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEPARATING YOUR HEAD FROM YOUR BODY AND FEASTING ON THE SOUL INSIDE!
BRAM BRAM BRAM
RRRAAWWWWWK!
MY MASTER COMMENDS YOU ON YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR LEADER, BUT WISHES YOU TO KNOW IN ADVANCE THAT YOUR EFFORTS ARE WASTED-
IF YOU COULD BE PATIENT A MOMENT MORE HE WILL DEAL WITH YOU ALL IN TURN!
PALAMON! BEWARE--!
PROTEUS, LYSANDER! SEE TO PALAMON AND THE BROTHER CAPTAIN
CLOTEN?
WITH YOU, BROTHER-SERGEANT.

THEN, BY SANGUINIUS, LET'S SHOW THIS CHAOS FILTH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FACE A BLOOD ANGEL IN BATTLE!
CHUDD
BANFF
TRANIO--!
FORGET ABOUT ME MY LORD YOU AND THE OTHER BRETHREN MUST GET AWAY WHILE YOU STILL CAN!
CONTINUE ON YOUR QUEST BROTHER CAPTAIN FIND THE SWORD AND RETURN WITH IT TO BAAL NOTHING ELSE MATTERS
AAAGH!
SHLK

RRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRR
ANY LAST WORDS HUMAN BEFORE MY MASTER TEARS OUT YOUR SPINAL COLUMN AND FASHIONS IT INTO A NECKLACE FOR ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE DAEMON BRIDES?
JUST... JUST THIS, WAR SPAWN--
SKUNCH
WILL HIS BRIDES FIND YOUR MASTER SO APPEALING ONCE I'VE DETONATED A KRAK GRENADE DOWN HIS THROAT?
WELL, HUMAN? MY MASTER IS WAITING
THRAK!

MASTER—!
SPASH!
TRANIO
SANGUINIUS'S SHROUD WHAT HAVE I LED US INTO?
LIEGE-CAPTAIN! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING—!
EMPEROR'S OATH! SOMETHING'S *DEFINITELY* HAPPENING!

THE BLOOD GOD IS ANGRY YOU HAVE DEFEATED HIS CHAMPION AND SO WON THE RIGHT TO SAFE PASSAGE INTO THE REALM OF THE NEXT POWER OF CHAOS SEE HOW HE TAKES HIS ANGER OUT ON THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED HIM SEE HOW!
OH
NYAAAAAAAAAAAGH!
SWEPT AWAY BY THE FURY OF THE BLOOD GODS WRATH, THE EXILES ARE CAST ADRIFT ON THE CURRENTS OF THE CHAOS SEA TIME AND DISTANCE HAVE NO MEANING ON EIDOLON WHERE THE RECKONING OF SUCH THINGS DEPEND ON THE WHIM OF DAEMON-THINGS AND SO THE SPACE MARINES HAVE NO NOTION OF HOW FAR OR HOW LONG THEY HAVE TRAVELLED
...OR INTO THE REALM OF WHICH OF THE OTHER POWERS OF CHAOS THEY HAVE NOW BEEN CARRIED!

RUN AGROUND, LIEGE-CAPTAIN. WHEREVER THIS PLACE IS THAT WE HAVE BEEN WASHED UP UPON, IT SEEMS CLEAR THAT OUR JOURNEY MUST NOW CONTINUE OVERLAND
AND BROTHER PALAMON? HAS HIS CONDITION IMPROVED AT ALL?
HIS WOUND IS *INFECTED*, MY LORD, AND THE INFECTION CONTINUES TO SPREAD. IT MAY BE BECAUSE HE WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A *DAEMON-WEAPON*. OR IT MAY BE SOMETHING IN THE *POISON AIR* OF THIS PLACE!
THEN IT SEEMS WE HAVE LITTLE OTHER CHOICE
WE GO ASHORE AND CONTINUE OUR QUEST. WE ENTER THAT CITY AND WE FACE WHATEVER NEW HORRORS ARE ALREADY AWAITING US THERE
NEXT: CITY OF THE PLAGUE GOD!

SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE · ART KARL KOPINSKI · LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

KAL JERICO IN THE MOTHERLODE

EPISODE FOUR

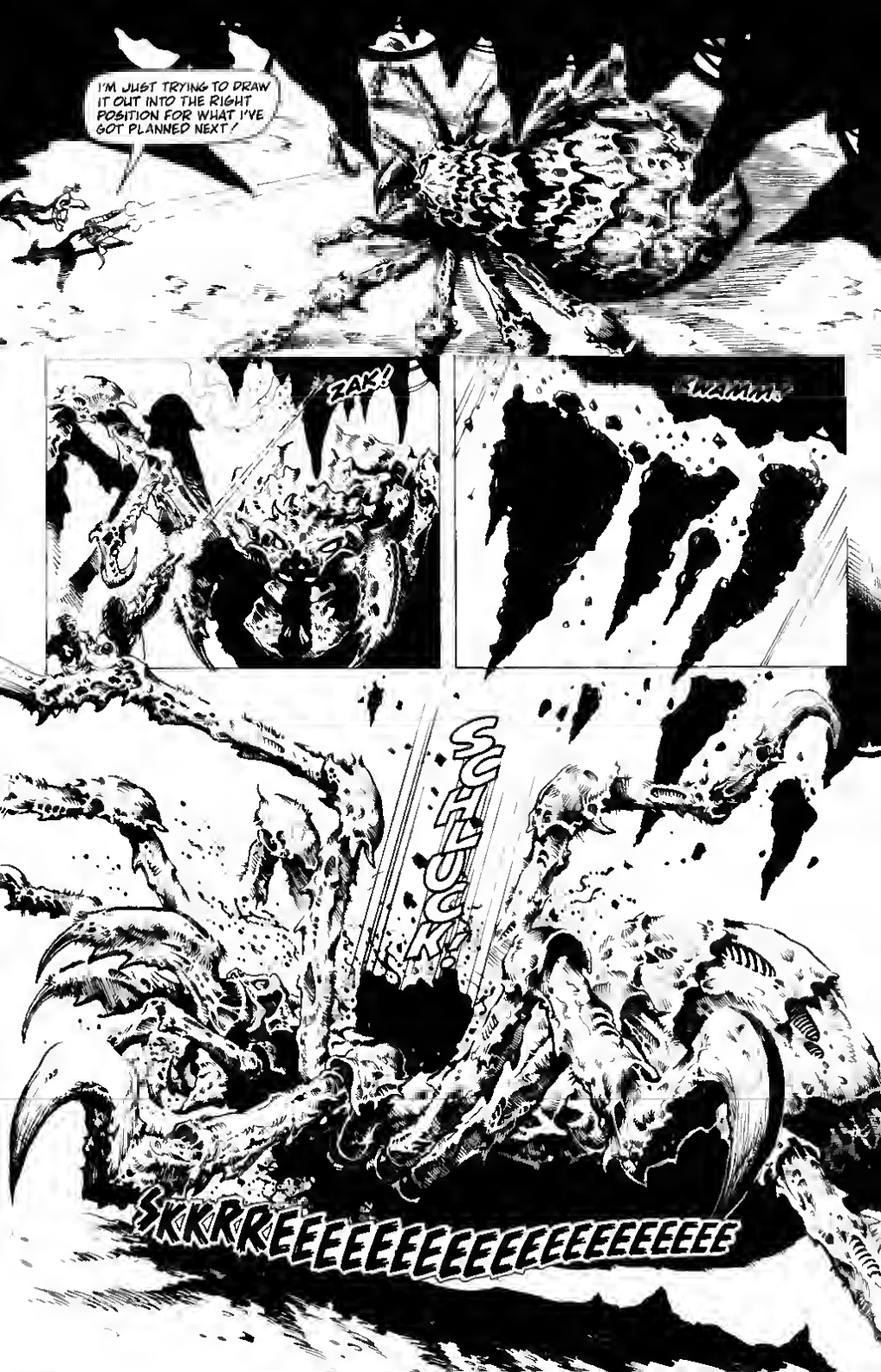
"It must be reported that our holy mission to bring the light of the Emperor into the darkness of the Underhive continues to meet with little success, with the locals preferring to seek spiritual solace from a wide range of heretical creeds. Particularly virulent are the **Spider Cults** of the deepest levels of the Hive, where it is rumoured that **Monstrous Creatures** lurk in remote caverns, worshipped as gods by the degenerate inhabitants thereof.

"It can only be with some degree of relief that I write to inform your Grace that no evidence of the existence of such blasphemous abominations has yet been found."

—LETTER FROM MISSIONARIOUS GALAXIA FRATER UDO KEISS TO CARDINAL HUGO CXXXIV OF THE PALANTINE CLUSTER.

(FRATER KEISS LATER TRIED AND EXECUTED ON CHARGES OF HARBOURING INSUFFICIENT PURITANICAL ZEAL.)

FASTER! GO FASTER, YOU FOOLS!
FASTER, I SAY! FA-AAAAAAGH!
NO--NO! NOT ME...!
ZAK!
ZAK!
HHHSSSSSSSS
GOOD GOING, KAL. NOW WE'RE GOING TO DIE WITHOUT EVEN THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING LUDO GETTING EATEN BEFORE US!
AND I DON'T EVEN THINK YOU'RE HURTING IT WITH THOSE LASPISTOLS!
I'M NOT TRYING TO HURT IT, SCABBS...


I'M JUST TRYING TO DRAW IT OUT INTO THE RIGHT POSITION FOR WHAT I'VE GOT PLANNED NEXT!
ZAK!
WAHHH
SCHLUCK!
SKKRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

ADMIT IT. THAT WAS RATHER IMPRESSIVE, WASN'T IT ?
WH- WHAT WAS THAT THING ?!
SOME KIND OF HIVE SPIDER, MUTATED TO GIANT SIZE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN HIBERNATING IN HERE FOR CENTURIES, UNTIL THE HIVE-QUAKES WOKE IT UP.
THAT MUST BE WHY THE SCAVVIES HAVE BEEN ON THE WARPATH RECENTLY. THEY WERE OUT HUNTING FOR SACRIFICES TO FEED TO THE THING!
YEAH..?
SO HOW DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FEEL ABOUT US KILLING OFF THEIR GOD, THEN ?
RRRRRRRRRRRRR
AND, JUST TO MAKE THINGS MORE INTERESTING, ANOTHER HIVEQUAKE-TREMOR!
HELP ME, JERICO! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE PLEASE!
I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU, LUDO. WE'RE PARTNERS, REMEMBER? AND, BESIDES, I STILL NEED YOU...
EMPEROR BLESS YOU, MY BOY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FORGET YOUR OLD FRIEND [illegible]...

YES, I STILL NEED YOU, LUDD AS A DIVERSION FOR THOSE SCAVVIES!
BAF!
JERICO-OOOOOHHH!
WHUDD-DOOM!
THAT AS MUCH FUN AS IT LOOKED?
EVEN BETTER, I ASSURE YOU
NOW LET'S BEAT A HASTY RETREAT BEFORE SOMETHING ELSE GOES WRONG!
OOOF
KATCH!
OH SCAV NOT HIM. NOT NOW..

HEH, GOT YA NOW, PRETTY BOY
FEG..!
FEG! YOU DON'T UNDER-STAND--
I UNNERSTAND THIS, PRETTY BOY
YA AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY FROM OL' VANDAL FEG A SECOND TIME!
WUMPT!
GOT ANY MORE OF THAT FANCY TALK TO SAY NOW, BOUNTY HUNTER?
IS A MATTER OF FACT, YES--
RRRRRRRRRRR
EH..?
KUNCH!
YOU REALLY DON'T GET ANY BRIGHTER, DO YOU, FEG?
=NHNEF!=

KAL...RUN!
SHROOM!
POSTSCRIPT
KAL AND SCABBS EVENTUALLY MADE IT BACK TO THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE SLIMP HOLE TAVERN, THEIR DREAMS OF UNTOLD WEALTH POSTPONED TO SOME LATER DATE
VANDAL FEG CONTINUED TO PROVE TO BE HARDER TO KILL THAN KAL IMAGINED. YOU CAN BE SURE THAT KAL AND SCABBS WILL BE HEARING FROM HIM AGAIN
GRRRR...
THE SURVIVING SCAVVIES CAME OUT BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. THEY MAY HAVE LOST THEIR SPIDER GOD, BUT THE CAPTURE OF GUZMAN LUDD ENSURED MANY A HAPPY FEAST NIGHT FOR A LONG TIME TO COME
THE END

TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT • PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKS/LETTERS ANDY LANNING
PART THREE
I AM NOT AFRAID
I AM NOT AFRAID

I AM PRINCEPS HEKATE OF THE TITAN WARLORD IMPERIUS DICTATIO
I HAVE BECOME USED TO BEING FEARED
I HAVE COME TO THIS WORLD VINDICARIUS TO RID IT OF THE TYRANID ABOMINATION
I AM NOT AFRAID
I AM A GIANT
I AM A GOD
MY WEAPONS EASILY DISMEMBER THE TYRANID MONSTERS THAT TERRIFY AND SLAUGHTER IMPERIAL INFANTRY. THEY ARE AS FLIES TO ME
THEY'RE ALL OVER US! THOUSANDS OF THEM! THEY'LL EAT US ALIVE!
SILENCE, NALLEN! LOOK TO YOUR POST!
WE MUSTN'T BREAK CONCENTRATION FOR A MOMENT

ORDERS, SIR? SIR... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I AM NOT AFRAID
I AM FINE. THEIR GROUND FORCES MEAN NOTHING TO US. THEIR WEAPONS CANNOT PENETRATE OUR VOID SHIELDS AND WE CRUSH THEM UNDERFOOT LIKE LICE...
...THE IMPERIUM DEPLOYED US HERE FOR A PURPOSE, AND THAT IS TO COMBAT THEIR BIO-TITANS
CUT US A PATH TO THAT ABHORRENCE INFORM THE OTHER TITANS WE ARE CLOSING ON THE HIERODULE... THAT BEAST IS MINE!
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS TO IMPERIUS DICTATIO. THIS IS PRINCEPS INDERON WE STAND READY TO SUPPORT YOU VITAS FALCO WILL BURN AWAY THE GROUND FORCES THAT ASSAIL US
TURBO LASERS TO FULL YIELD! CHARGE THE VOLCANO CANNON!
LET US SHOW THEM WHY THEY SHOULD FEAR US!
ACKNOWLEDGED! BY THE EMPEROR, HEKATE! BURN THAT BIO TITAN!

WE PRESS FORWARD WE CRUSH THE ENEMY UNDER FOOT. VOSS WARNS ME THAT THE CLAY SOIL IS NOW SO SLICK WITH PURPLE ICHOR AND SPILT ACID THAT WE MUST DROP SPEED TO AVOID SLIPPING AND COLLAPSING
I ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. I...
I AM NOT AFRAID
INCOMING HEAVY WEAPONS FIRE FROM THE BIO-TITAN!
DAMAGE REPORT!
OUR SHIELDS HELD AND DISSIPATED THE WORST OF THEIR BIO-CANNONS, PRINCEPS, BUT SEVERAL CLUSTER-SPINES HAVE IMPACTED IN OUR THORAX. ENGINEER DORN IS RUNNING REPAIRS
THE HIERODULE FILLS MY SIGHTS. IT IS AN OBSCENITY. I...
PRINCEPS?
FIRE THE VOLCANO CANNON! I WANT THAT THING DEAD! I... I...
I AM NOT AFRAID
THE VOLCANO GUN ROARS. ITS SCREAM BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF SOUND
BUT THE HIERODULE IS MOVING. SCUTTLING LIKE A FILTHY ARACHNID, MOVING FAR FASTER THAN ANYTHING THAT SIZE SHOULD BE ABLE TO
OUR SHOT GOES WILD

AIIIEEEEE!
IT IS UPON US. A RAZOR CLAW TEARS OPEN MY BELLY...
NO *NOT* MINE. *DICTATIO'S* BUT THROUGH THE MIND LINK THE PAIN IS THE SAME
PLATING RUPTURES. A VOID SHIELD FLICKERS AND DIES. VITAL SERVOS SEVER. THREE SERVITORS ARE PULPED OR DISMEMBERED
THE PAIN IS *ALL* I CAN FEEL
AGAIN, I AM *WRONG*. THERE IS *MORE* THAN PAIN.
THERE IS THE HUMBLING SENSE THAT I HAVE OVERESTIMATED MY GOD HOOD... THAT I HAVE BEEN ARROGANT IN THE FACE OF A PRIMAL TERROR THAT QUITE *DWARFS* ME IN POWER.
AND THERE IS *FEAR*. FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN. FEAR OF DEATH. FEAR OF THE ALIEN HORROR THAT I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO FIGHT
THE OTHER RAZOR WEAPON SWINGS UP TO STRIKE. EVEN IF I COULD TRAVERSE MY GUNS TIGHT ENOUGH TO HIT IT I AM TOO FROZEN TO DO SO
I AM AFRAID
EMPEROR FORGIVE ME. I *AM* AFRAID

INDERON TO HEKATE! ARE YOU STILL ALIVE IN THERE?
SPEAK TO ME, HEKATE!
I HEAR YOU, PRINCEPS. YOUR INTERVENTION WAS TIMELY
SO CLOSE. SO CLOSE TO DEATH. SO CLOSE TO FAILURE
PRAISE THE EMPEROR THE OTHERS, AT LEAST, REMEMBERED WE ARE MEANT TO BE A TEAM.
THE TYRANIDS VANISH INTO THE SMOKE, SCURRYING AWAY IN A WAVE, LIKE COLONIAL INSECTS SWARMING AT THE URGES OF A SINGLE MIND
THE WOUNDED HIERODULE DRAWS THEM AWAY AS IT RETREATS BUT SOMEHOW I DO NOT REALLY FEEL THIS IS ANY KIND OF VICTORY
HEKATE TO BROTHER TITANS WE MUST REGROUP AND REPORT TO HIGH COMMAND
THIS BLOODY HORROR HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN
AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF US... IF ANY HUMAN MIND... HAS THE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE TO SEE THIS THROUGH.
THE ENEMY WITHIN